FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

Volume XXVII, Number 1, February 1976

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.

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UNDERSTANDING

OUR relationships with others are of such importance to us that often we treat them as the most fundamental elements of our existence—which, after our relationship with whatever higher power we acknowledge, they very well may be. Or seem to be.

When I was young with skin as thin as anyone's I ever met, I approached others with such fear and trembling that after a few experiences I was inclined to give up the whole process of relationship and go and find a hillside where I could dwell by myself. As I grew older, my hide toughened. My tendency to be afraid was replaced by the expectation of very little or nothing from others, which in addition to keeping me safe from further disappointment was, I thought, very wise of me, very very shrewd. The selected few who passed my exorbitant standards and were admitted to my affection and esteem were, for me, figures out of mythology, heroes and heroines, nothing less, who naturally in the long run always turned out to be merely human, only clay or worse. Realizing the hopelessness of such a course, I finally located the one perfect person on earth and married her. And from that perch and exclusiveness and joint egotism, I succeeded in looking down on the world for years to come.

When this one relationship fell apart, I found myself entirely alone again. This time, however, being in my middle age, without the illusions or hopes of even the most superior youth, no solution was at hand. For the first time I floundered and suffered pain. I almost did myself in. But finally, knowing nothing else to do, and turning in the only direction I had not yet tried, I set aside pride and egotism and asked God for help.

Thus, without realizing what I was doing, I did what was necessary—what was essential—to the beginning of a relationship with God. Before, although I had attended services and uttered a prayer now and then, I was so encumbered with self that a genuine relationship would not have been possible.

When I received help in answer to my prayer, it came via so many people, people I neither did not know before nor, frankly, would have cared to know, that my eyes were opened. In the novel

state of humility created by desperation, I was open not only to communication with higher powers but to friendships and kindnesses and courtesies which, in retrospect, I see as His will also despite the human agency by which they were delivered to me. I was treated with such understanding that gradually I began to trust where I always doubted, and to have faith where I had previously always known I would have to act or else. . . .

This revelation—and it was that—amounted to a revolution in my life: in my thinking, in my feeling, in my behaviour, in my very hopes and very dreams. It could not have happened without the understanding given me by others. It could not be continuing if, while receiving this understanding, I was not slowly learning to give it to others myself. I have a long way to go in learning how to do this, but already I have the joy of it, and although I keep on meeting up with misunderstanding from some others, I am confident that eventually such a thing can be erased entirely. —P.G.

PRAYER FOR COURAGE

Jaye Giammarino

Oh Lord
give me courage
to love my fellowman. . .

to overcome fear
and hatred;

give me wisdom
with strength
to mount the wall
of prejudice;

help me to know
that all humanity
is one.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS *by Reuben L. Musey*

OUR RELIGIOUS HERITAGE

WE STAND on the threshold of a new year, a very important one for the people of the United States of America.

America is celebrating its bicentenary.

Philadelphia! 1776! —The rise of independence!

"When in the course of human events. . . ."

Thus began the most memorable document in American history, the Declaration of Independence.

In words of dignity and power was set forth the solemn resolve of a proud and courageous people—a people to whom a great nation was soon to be born.

Benjamin Franklin—in drafting the historic document, living idea—said:

"Let us have prayer. We need Divine guidance."

In retrospect—reflecting back—America was founded on religious principles.

Columbus held within his heart the grandeur of a dream.

Upon arriving on the shores of what is now America, he kneeled in grateful prayer for what a dream and faith—faith in God —could do.

He came—the Genoese—across the vast unknown. Compass, maps, and shining stars led him and his men to a coastline in the sunlight's gleam.

Returning to Spain and received by Ferdinand and Isabella —who had made possible his venture into the unknown, he heard a burst of joy, a chorus grand, and mighty antiphon. . .

"We praise Thee, Lord, Lord, acknowledge Thee,
And give Thee glory! —Holy, Holy, Holy!"

The Plymouth Pilgrims came—Puritan separatists from the Church of England—aboard the Mayflower. one hundred and one men, women, and children.

They left England to escape the yoke of religious persecution, hoping to find a place in the wilderness of a strange land where they might settle and walk in all His ways, whatever the end. . . .

Before they left their homeland, Reverend James Robinson offered a prayer.

He quoted these words from the Bible—God's holy word: "Whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God."

Before embarking from the ship to trod on the unknown land after the long perilous voyage across troubled waters, they drew up the Mayflower Compact, which began in these words:

"In the Name of God. Amen."

This rule of order in all things was the very premise upon which the United States was founded.

Dramatic and glowing words from that compact re-echo: "For the glory of God. . . do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another. . . ."

EACH DAY, in this bicentennial year, we must ask that Almighty God will set and keep His protecting hand over us—that we may pass on to those who come after us the heritage of a free people, secure in their God-given right to ". . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . ."

Without God, there could be no America, nor an American way of life.

Thus the Founding Fathers saw it!

Reuben L. Mosley

A HERITAGE PRAYER *by Dennis Barry Carroll*

OUR FATHER in heaven, in this bicentennial year—as we reflect back on the heritage of America—a melting-pot from other nations, we pledge anew with lifted head and from the heart our thanks for the opportunities America has so generously given us.

SITTING IN TRUTHFULNESS

Ruth Reyna

IN Eastern religious thought truthfulness is considered one of the greatest of virtues, and sitting-in-truthfulness, or *satyagraha* as it is called, is known to have produced astounding miracles. An ancient Buddhist tale of snakebite demonstrates the power of an act of truth and emphasizes the fact that the force or power of a heartfelt truth of any order, even a shameful truth, is better than a decent falsehood. The story is as follows.

The youth, Yannadatta, had been bitten by a poisonous snake, and his parents carried him to an ascetic and laid him down and said, "Reverend sir, monks know simples and charms. Heal our son."

"I know no simples. I am not a physician."

"But you are a monk. Therefore, out of charity for this youth, perform an Act of Truth."

The ascetic replied, "Very well, I will perform one." He laid his hand on Yannadatta's head and recited the following stanza:

"For but a week I lived the holy life
with tranquil heart in quest of merit;

The life I've lived for fifty years since
then, I've lived against my will;

By this truth, health! Poison is struck down!
Let Yannadatta live!"

Immediately the poison came out of Yannadatta's breast and sank in to the ground. The father then laid his hand on Yannadatta's breast and recited the following stanza:

"Never did I like to see a stranger
come to stay; I never cared to give;

But my dislike, the monks and Brahmins
Never knew, all learned as they were;

By this truth, health! Poison is struck down!
Let Yannadatta live!''

Immediately the poison came out of Yannadatta's back and sank into the ground. Then the father bade the mother perform an Act of Truth, but the mother replied, "I have a Truth, but I cannot recite it in your presence.''

The father replied, "Make my son whole, anyhow.''

So the mother recited the following stanza:

"No more, my son, do I now hate this snake maligant
That out of a crevice came and bit you, than I do your father!
By this truth, health! Poison is struck down!
Let Yannadatta live!''

Immediately the rest of the poison sank into the ground, and Yannadatta got up and began to frisk about.

THIS is a tale to be taken as a text for psychoanalysis—the opening-up of the repressed truth, deeply hidden beneath years of lies and dead actions that have killed the future of this hypocritical threesome suffices like magic to clear the venom, and life breaks for them anew.

THE LORD IS WINTER

Martin Robert Walsh

The Lord is Winter
slowing silver streams to ice
showering snow down.
The Lord is Winter,
therefore let bare trees suffice,
let the snow come down.

BLACK SHOES

A Winter Story by Eleanor Ebersole

ONCE a little girl had a pair of shiny black shoes. They had flat bows on the toes and tiny small heels. The girl could take her shoes off and put them on whenever she pleased, and keep them in her own closet. She was the only one who decided when to wear them and when not.

"I think I will wear my black shoes today," she said. They clipped along gaily in tune with her pink party dress and a Sunday hat.

"Today is dress-up day at school. I will wear my black shoes," she said at breakfast. Away she went for her special day.

Some cloudy days she would say, "I am going to wear my black shoes." She would walk along slowly, not telling anyone, really, why she was sad. The shoes just said, "Today is sad, today is sad."

The most important thing the shoes did was magic.

"I'm going to Paris today," she might say. She would put on her black shoes under a long lady's dress and be swept away.

"I'm a pirate," she would say. The shoes were quickly changed with cardboard buckles painted gold into the finest shoes a pirate ever wore.

The shoes did what the little girl said. If she did not like where she was, she could be somewhere else. If there was an iron fence, she could be on the other side playing in the garden. If it was a rainy day, she could make it sunny just by the clicking of her tiny heels.

Sometimes she wore the black shoes and sometimes she purposefully left them behind in the closet. Sometimes she placed them neatly in a row with the others, sometimes she hastily dropped them in a disorderly fashion, depending on the circumstances.

One day while prancing along the sidewalk in a make-believe way, her feet hurt!

"Ouch!" she said out loud and kicked off one little black

shoe. The shoes were too small.

The next day they stayed on the closet floor. They stayed the next day and the next, until they were given away in a bag of old clothes. They were still polished and neat and black. But their magic was gone. It disappeared quite uneventfully when they were outgrown.

SECRET OF THE GREAT SPIRIT!

Rose Noller

Sage-like, Two Arrows*, reflecting said,
Noting a graveyard: "They are not dead!
They are but sitting silent as snow,
This is but silent sitting, —to know
And learn what in life once was dim,
To seek the future's expectant rim;
To meditate, to silently wait
For opening of a wider gate. . . .
They are not dead, how can it be?
When soul has mighty master key
To unlock each closed, forbidden door. . . .
They are not dead, they have gone before,
This is but silent sitting —a peace
And gentle snowing, white as fleece. . . .
This is but silent sitting —a throne
Where all the secrets of life are known!"

* *An Indian of my acquaintance*

THE ESSENCE OF TIME

Mary Margaret Wittner

A WISE WOMAN once answered my question, "How do you find time to do so many kind things for others?" Her blue eyes twinkled under the thatch of silvery hair. "Why, I have all the time there is." Then after a pause she said, "So do you, my dear."

The more I thought about it the more truth her words revealed to me. Time is a precious gift. We have used yesterday, and tomorrow is always in the future. We have only today. In today's allottment of hours and minutes, why not try to utilize time to the best advantage? I decided to try this.

That very morning I was caught in a traffic jam when a crippled old man hobbled across a busy intersection. Motorists honked their horns impatiently. I glanced at the grim-faced drivers around me and thought, "Why not take these moments to look at the beauty of the palm-lined street?" Planters in the center of it flamed with marigolds and periwinkle blossoms. Then I turned to smile at a child in the car beside me. His face crinkled with a surprised grin as he waved at me. What could have been wasted moments had brought tangible rewards.

How often we wait impatiently in checkout lines, in doctors' offices, at airports and bus terminals. I have learned to take these moments to read or to study the mannerisms and appearance of people nearby. My imagination soars. I carry a pencil and pad to capture these thoughts while they are fresh.

I know a man of God who uses waiting moments to meditate. His mind must become an oasis in the desert about him. He has disciplined himself to concentrate and turn idle moments into his pool of mental serenity.

While working around the house I often listen to music. Sometimes I listen to sermons or poetry-readings. When my work is done, my sense of achievement is heightened by the pleasure I have received from this contact with the outside world.

Time given to others brings special blessings, too. Many

small kindnesses are neglected or postponed because we are busy with routine things. With thoughtful planning, we can surely find time to visit a sick friend or pick some flowers for a lonely neighbor. We can take time to listen, too. I mean really listen. Sorrows shared with an understanding heart become less burdensome. Joys are multiplied by sharing.

Yes, let us use time wisely and lovingly, for it flows like quicksilver into yesterday, never to return.

THE SPIRIT

Virginia Ladd Otis

I have escaped the chafing
bonds of earth

No roofs nor walls divide
me from the whole

Though mortal ashes drift
among the flowers

A wind blows through my soul
the stars shine through

I am a part of birdsong
and of light

Quicksilver-swift am I
freer than air

Beauty distilled is of
the cup I drink

And thought is of the
Universal mind.

DADDY'S SCRAPBOOK

Hettie Barker

IT WAS a cold winter day when I decided to look through Mother's cedar chest and reminisce over a few of the family treasures. As I opened the lid, the sweet cedar smell greeted me and as always brought back many childhood memories, some of them very dim. Mother's cedar chest had been given to me by Daddy when I was five years old—the year she was killed in a car accident with him behind the wheel.

Looking at the keepsakes, I noticed a large spiral scrapbook which was familiar. Daddy's shaky handwriting stared at me from its cover. He had been a collector of newspaper clippings, and pictures, poems by Edgar Guest, editorials, political items, an assortment of life by various writers and photographers. Now was a good time for me to find out what had really interested him enough to save and paste in his book.

Daddy passed away in 1941, and I realized there were many things about him I didn't know or remember. Because of circumstances at the time, I had only spent my summers with him and my brother.

On the first page, in my young amateur block letters, was printed "July 3, 1938." I recall Daddy asking me to print the date for him because his hands shook.

Memories came back, and I was a child again. Daddy and I would sit at a big heavy round table in the middle of our bedroom-living-room combination and work on our scrapbooks. With a coal-oil lamp burning and the soft light flickering across the pages, we would cut and sort our favorite clippings. We stopped only when our eyes grew too tired to see. My scrapbook was filled with pictures of movie stars.

Relatives used to tell me that after Mother was killed, Daddy had turned from God. They said this was because he could not understand why she had been taken away when he needed her so much to help raise my brother and me.

When I began looking through his scrapbook, among some of

the interesting articles was a clipping of Ripley's *Believe It or Not* showing a drawing of Charles Wesley. Next to the drawing was the well-known hymn "Jesus Lover of My Soul," each line of which was inspired by a verse from the Bible. At the end of each line was the Scripture reference where it could be found. Seeing this, I had a feeling that Daddy had been working his way back to God.

As I continued to look through the scrapbook, I learned more and more about him and his thoughts. His love for my grandmother was evident in clippings of *Mother Knitting* by Edgar Guest, *To My Mother* by Walter H. Brown, and *Mother's Day*, author unknown. A large picture of a chubby baby walking from his mother's hands to a chair with these words below, "He walked from his mother's lap to a chair one day—and never returned," showed his interest in children. Clippings of *Uncle Ray's Corner*, a newspaper commentary on world problems during the period of 1918-1938, filled three large pages which told me he was interested in our country and its future. In the middle of the scrapbook was a picture that took up a whole page. It was the picture of a gray-haired old man with a white beard. He was sitting at a cluttered table which stood at the foot of an iron bed. He was staring through a window patched in one corner with a wadded-up rag. At the bottom of the picture was printed one word: FORGOTTEN. Of all the poems in the book, the one composed of twelve verses entitled "Christ in the Garden" touched me the most. As I read it, I felt that Daddy had been learning and reaching toward God in his own personal way.

Daddy's likes and his love of humanity are all in this dear old book. I love it more than words can tell. His grandchildren, whom he never lived to see, treasure it also. . . . Gently I laid the scrapbook back in Mother's cedar chest and closed the lid. Outside, the cold winter wind whipped around the house corners, but my heart was warm from the flame of love that burned inside of me for a dad long gone from this life.

The joys I have possessed are ever mine; out of thy reach, behind eternity, hid in the sacred treasure of the past, but blest remembrance brings them hourly back. —Dryden

FAITH IS THE GREATEST WEALTH

Estelle Broadrick

CAST your burdens on the Lord and leave them there. That is the suggestion of the old song. But, before you cast them on the Lord, stop and unwrap some of these burdens, look into them. Fully half of them are worries that are not only absurd but trivial. Half of your fears are there simply because you do not have enough faith. Half of your dreams are foolish and should have been dismissed years ago.

Cultivate faith. Walk in faith. And think in faith. Be very sure you have a real burden before you attempt to cast it before the Lord. It could be that you have developed the habit of feeling burdened and that you are less grieved than you think.

BRIDGES

Albert Jacobsen

Some bridges are of wood, concrete, or stone,
Some, steel or iron, are the strongest known;
But other bridges of a different kind,
Invisible, are bridges of the mind.
Yet, I speak only of those that instil
Consideration, kindness, and good will;
Thoughts may span mountains, continents, or seas,
Or just two folks exchanging pleasantries,
By phone or letter, cable, or by wire,
Both relatives and friends meet and inspire,
With mutual feeling or spiritual love,
Just a hand-clasp, or tuned to God above.

THE WAY WITH HIM

Robert E. Harper

Washed to
Beauty radiant,
By diamond-studded
Silver raindrops,
Falling softly
From the blue spread
Of tall sky;
Their fingertips
Of warm water
Touching gently
The heads
Of flowers,
The toes
Of trees,
The fields
Of man,
In brilliant gold
And bountiful;
All destined so
By the ambiance
Of gracious God,
And the genius
Of His heart.
How wise,
With peace
That prospers,
Is the way
That we may
Go with Him.

A WILL TO LAST

Dorothy LaBelle

HE HAD a favorite spot in the front lobby of the nursing home. Every morning an aide wheeled him in in his chair and placed it where the huge plateglass window framed an expanse of well-tended grounds. From this vantage point he watched with fascination as nature's canvas changed each day under the bold strokes of a master artist.

He seldom spoke, but he had a smile for everyone. His face was unlined, relaxed, and pleasant. His blue eyes reflected the still waters of inner peace.

When he died, the staff was surprised to find among his meager belongings his Last Will and Testament. Written in a quaint, cramped longhand, it was legible and had been duly witnessed according to the law.

As the contents of the document were read, the patients listened with varying emotions.

The man, with no material possessions, had left his friends the only kind of wealth that would outlast life itself. He willed to them the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, the many kindnesses and joys that had come to him throughout his life, the tender moments, the humor, and the pathos. He bequeathed these things to his friends with the one stipulation that they spread their wealth lavishly while alive because in so doing they would never know want.

Some said the old man was crazy.

If so, he left behind an inheritance that would benefit everyone touched by its gentle wisdom through the years.

Dost thou love life? —Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. —Benjamin Franklin

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak, and the deaf can hear and understand.

DEFENDING THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Vivian M. Singerling

THE GREATEST kindness humans can display to animals is sincere respect and consideration; also to concede that they are worthwhile members of the world we live in. Then all other kindnesses become automatic and cruelty to them ceases to exist.

Too many of us look upon these voiceless creatures with disdain, not bothering to realize or care how much we could learn from them or what this world would be without them.

I believe God must have had a good reason for putting animals on earth. If He had meant them only to be food and slaves for mankind. He would not have endowed them with intelligence, acute instincts and sensitivity.

After God destroyed His first world by flood, He made the promise that it never again would be destroyed in this manner. It is worth noting that this covenant was made not only with man but with all things. Genesis 9: 9-10 states: "I establish my covenant with you and with your seed before you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth."

Humans fail in many ways to keep and obey the Lord's Commandments. The so-called lowly animals are much wiser. They never need to seek for peace, while we still do.

HARBOR IRONY

Conrad Pendleton

I saw tall sails, iron prows, and storm-wise ships
go from or come to anchor at this quay;
I heard the surf from here to Sicily,
and seamen spinning yarns and spouting quips;
I tasted trade-winds tangy on my lips
and knew the typhoon-smash of tropic sea,
yet felt the ocean urge continually. . .
I gathered many coins on many trips.

My final trip is over, and I stay
forgotten in my pilothouse—alone
and old. With words like miser's in my tone,
I count and count my treasure, night and day.
The clinking sea-coins make me wise but sad,
for there were richer coins I might have had.

APERCU

Cornelia Bagarotti

WHAT a difference love makes. It is the only thing on earth which everyone can give another and the only thing that will never disappear. The only thing that when all else has passed glows forever. . . . Yet how few prize it, seek it, share it and live it, and give it. Those who have found it are blest. . . . May the light of His face so shine from yours that God be visible to all.

Photographs:

Left: 'The baby of the family' with her brother and sister.

Right: In her 'teens.

UTOBIOGRAPHY OF MILDRED LONG

Spiritual Unfolding

Chapter I: The Early Years

The soul that rises with us, our life star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar. . . .
From God who is our home. —Wordsworth

ON a cold winter morning in February 1893, a tiny black-haired girl was ushered into the world, the third child of George Boardman Long and Adella Drummond Long in Denver, Colorado — so I was told.

I have also been told of the very sensitive baby who reject-

ed nearly everyone's attention except her mother's. A sickly child, yet agile and quick in movement. Alert in mind, although not talking plainly till after going to school, I learned by heart all the poems and Scripture verses my brother and sister knew. I could not read a word at the age of three but knew exactly where to turn the page in a familiar book.

Twice before school age, my life was threatened by a serious illness. Through my parents' prayers and wisdom divinely given to know what to do, I was restored.

I remember little of my childhood. It would seem that I took for granted all the good and happy occasions, but that the unhappy events were too deeply impressed upon my mind.

For instance, I recall the one occasion when I disobeyed a rule at school and my father, who was the principal, disciplined me; the time I missed several words in spelling because I had been absent; the time I stepped off the table on which I was standing and caught my hair on a hook on my friend's coat, pulling a clump of hair out of my head; and the time I dropped the brick on my brother's thumb and he ran crying to the house.

These were all small events, ripples on the surface of a life usually smooth and happy. For our home was peaceful and comfortable and, I am sure, with a spiritual aura about it.

My parents were both teachers, well educated, with the highest Christian principles by which they lived and by which they ruled the home. I never saw either of them angry or unduly upset. Discipline was strict but kind. I was seldom punished for anything but getting irritable and starting to whine. My mother would send me off to her bedroom to stay till I could come out "with a smile." Sometimes it would be a long time before I called out, "I'll be good now, Mama!" And she would always accept my effort, though my smile was often very forced.

Besides this gentle discipline, I remember two things that went deep into my consciousness. As a small child I went with Mother to meetings of the Missionary Society or to town shopping. We had five blocks to walk to the end of the streetcar line. Sometimes the walk home seemed endless. I remember Mother's saying to me, "Just one step at a time, dearie! Just one step at a time,

and we'll get there!" On many occasions I heard her repeat the lines of one of our poets:

"'Tis not in never falling,
But in rising every time we fall. . . ."

I feel sure that these thoughts that were instilled in me aided me later in my long struggle to regain my strength and power to walk.

I had two girlfriends until one moved away when I was about ten. The other one, Frances by name, became the closest of all the friends of my young life. Indeed, no one else has ever taken her place in all the years since.

I loved school and always did well. When I was in fourth grade, my sister Ruth and I changed schools. My brother went to high school that year. We had been walking home from school a mile and a half across the prairie—we lived on the edge of the city—to attend the school of which my father was principal. But now it seemed not wise for two little girls to walk that distance alone. So we transferred to the school near our home. Evidently this was an upsetting experience for me, I think for my sister too, because I developed a severe case of eczema and for some time went to school with both hands bandaged.

When I was in fifth grade, I began taking music lessons. I loved music and continued with the lessons until I went to college. When I was in the eighth grade, the principal asked me to officiate at the piano, playing for the marching-in and -out at morning, noon, recess, and closing. This was a real honor, and it did much for me in stimulating self-reliance, confidence, and self-esteem. That year also I was a member of the Indian Club drill team which gave demonstrations for adult groups.

Summers we spent in the mountains, for our summers were free. Out in the open under God's blue sky, I was free and happy—freer than I ever was at home in the city. I knew the names of many wildflowers and loved to roam the fields and seek out new ones as well as those I loved.

At the age of eleven, I was baptized into the little Baptist Church of which the rest of the family were members. At my baptism, I had a vision of an angel hovering over us as I was getting dressed. Once before I had seen an angel. I was very young and

sick in my small bed in the living room. On the far wall an angel stood in white against the door.

I must have been about twelve years of age when I had an exalted revelation of God's power and goodness. We had just arrived at our mountain cabin. I stood at the door that first morning and looked out across a quarter-mile of grain waving in the bright sunlight toward the road and low hills beyond. Full of joy and breathing in the clear air, I gaily started off alone on my adventure—probably to gather wildflowers. Coming to a grassy spot, I paused. By some impulse I stooped down, parted the tall grasses, and there was a bed of ground violets. I had never seen any before, had only heard of them, but I was sure these were ground violets. Filled with rapture, I thought of God's goodness to me and extravagance in making these lovely flowers when perhaps no one would see them but me. I picked one of the tiny blue blossoms and laid it in my hand—so small and fragile, so beautifully marked, a delicate sky-blue. I finally laid it back on the ground and closed the grass over it and arose slowly and went broodingly on my way. I never told anyone about the violet or those moments when I was truly worshipping. So there it lay in the deep and silent folds of memory to be summoned forth in a time of need some thirty years later.

Chapter II: Preparation For Teaching

The youth. . . still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended. —*Wordsworth*

EARLY IN LIFE I knew I wanted to be a teacher. High school was a real adventure. I was a good student and continued my music training also. In my eighteenth year my father bought me

a piano. Up to that time I had practiced on my aunt's half a mile from home.

According to the plan my parents worked out, I was to take an easy course during my first two years in high school and add a fifth year before graduation. This proved to be providential. For in my fourth year I had to submit to an appendectomy and I could not have graduated with my class. Because I intended taking another year anyway, there was no disappointment.

High honors brought me a scholarship to the college of my choice, Colorado College. God's hand was in this too, working through one of my teachers and my mother's desire to see me go away to college. College away from home was essential that I might learn to stand on my own feet and find out a little about the world outside the close confines of home and school and a small church.

During high school days I made only one or two friends, still holding my girlhood chum in first place. I engaged in no social activities except those of the church. Occasionally I went to a lecture or concert with my parents. I played the reed organ at church for all occasions and taught a class of younger girls in Sunday School.

One summer I substituted for my piano teacher, going on the streetcar to various points in Denver to give the lessons.

Just before I entered college, my music teacher presented me in recital, which represented a significant achievement for me. She told me I could have graduated from a conservatory in a year and a half.

Life at Colorado College in Colorado Springs brought more freedom than I had ever known. I studied hard. With some urging from new friends, I began to take part in social life and various extracurricular activities. I was invited to join one of the girls' societies; which I did. In my senior year I was president of the Student Volunteer Group, for I thought I was called into definite Christian service. My grades entitled me to become a member of Phi Beta Kappa, but the number of qualified students in the class exceeded the quota, and I was omitted along with two others. This was a great disappointment but not overwhelming. It was

something I could handle.

But during my college days I went through two traumatic experiences, both of which left a burning hurt rising up in later years to give me pain like Hawthorne's "serpent in the bosom." The events in themselves could have been passed over as just other experiences, except for the fact that they left me with a crushing sense of guilt. This could have easily been mitigated if my parents and the Dean of Women had only talked the matter out with me frankly, assuring me that I had done the best I knew how to do under the circumstances. This would have satisfied me and saved me much anguish of heart. Yet if I had never known the perils and hurt of self-condemnation, how would I have been able in later years to help others who were suffering from such a burden?

My graduation days were clouded by the second of these traumatic experiences. Outwardly I carried on as usual, and no one guessed the burden on my heart. In spite of losing the honor of Phi Beta Kappa, I was among those who graduated cum laude.

The friends I made were lasting friends, and our last evening together was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Also the parting that followed left an indelible impression.

I look back on my college days as the happiest and most profitable of my young life. I had acquired a sense of knowing what I wanted to do and the firm expectation of being able to do it. The search for a teaching-position brought some interesting contacts and a bit of travel. Before many weeks I had found the place where I was to enter upon my life work.

Chapter III: Teaching Days

Whom shall he teach knowledge? .... Precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little, there a little.

Isaiah 28: 9-10

SIX HOURS on the train brought me to Ordway, a small rural town

in eastern Colorado. One building housed the entire school, grades and high school. I was one of five teachers, teaching all of the Latin, one class in seventh-grade grammar, and one class in algebra.

The Superintendent gave me great freedom, yet he always knew what was going on and was always ready to give any help requested. He was very approachable. In fact, just the kind of person I needed to help me get started. I would have chafed under close supervision. He held the highest principles and Christian standards. I was indeed fortunate in this whole situation. One of the teachers became a lasting friend.

In the small Baptist church there I taught a Sunday School class of girls, played the organ, and led the choir. In college I had learned to play tennis. Now I found in it great pleasure and relaxation after a day of teaching. The discipline necessary to teaching was something of a problem for me, but gradually I learned to be decisive and strict.

Near the close of the first year, I became ill. After four days of high temperature and dizziness, I dismissed one doctor and called another one just in time to prevent a mastoid operation. He punctured the ear drum while I held the light, and fortunately the draining was sufficient. The following summer I had a tonsillectomy which turned out to be a major operation.

In the fall of my second year at Ordway, my parents moved to California. My father had retired from teaching, and my sister was located in Riverside, California, where she could give them a home. I made a quick trip to Denver to spend the night with them on the Saturday before they left.

At the end of my second year at Ordway, the Superintendent was resigning and most of the high school teachers were, too. I went up to Denver to spend the summer with an aunt and uncle and look for a job. Lacking one year's experience to be eligible for a position in the high schools, I was offered a place in the junior high school.

Out in California, my father had become acquainted with the president of the state school board who lived in Riverside. There was a vacancy in the high school in Elsinore, about twenty

miles away, which he thought I could fill. He urged me to get an application into the California State Board before its next meeting. This done, I applied to the board in Elsinore for the open position.

In about a month, I received a telegram from Elsinore stating that the State Board had granted my credential and asking me to wire my acceptance of the position at $1,000 per year; which I did.

All plans were laid for my departure from Denver on August twenty-fifth. On August twenty-third, a letter came from the California State Board of Education saying my credential had been denied.

I was considerably shaken by the news. I was alone, and there was no one to share it with. I went to hear the lovely organ at the Civic Center at noon—and wept through the performance. No doubt this was a good thing. Anyway, by the time my folks returned from their outing in the mountains, I had made up my mind what to do. I could not backtrack. I could not ask Denver to give me a position after I had refused it. There was nothing to do but go forward. If I could not teach, I could work, or perhaps go to school to get my credential. There was nothing to do but to go to California as planned.

My aunt said: "Telegraph your father."

Although my mind was made up, I sent a night letter. The answer came back: "Some mistake. Come on."

So I arrived in Riverside with three dollars in my pocket to find that on second consideration the Board had granted me a credential, but the regular Secretary had not been informed of this.

Elsinore was located on the edge of the desert. There was not a blade of grass in any yard, scarcely a flower or bit of greenery. But the lake was always an inspiration. I watched for its varying moods as I walked to school. I could see it from my classroom windows. Sunsets were magnificent. A thunderstorm in late afternoon was spectacular and awesome. The lake never ceased to charm me.

Again I served in the choir of a small church and at the or-

gan. It was 1918, and before Thanksgiving our schools were closed on account of the "flu." One of our teachers was the first victim. Another resigned. We three had been living together. So I gave up the house and, when I returned to school in January, living conditions were changed and really for the better. The rest of the two years passed uneventfully. But it was time for me to move on.

I needed to find a place where I could make a home for my parents and set my sister free to go into definite Christian work as she wanted to do.

The town of Pomona, with about 20,000 inhabitants, had a vacancy in Latin. I had already applied three times and requested an appointment for an interview. There had been no response. So I walked into the Superintendent's office one morning. Grudgingly he gave me "five minutes." During that time he thumbed through my application and expressed some approval. He told me there was one other applicant, an older woman, and that the Board met that evening to make a decision. Two days later he telephoned me to "come over and sign your contract." So followed sixteen fruitful years of teaching English and Latin, one in junior high and fifteen in high school.

Here I established a modest home for my parents, which was my home all the years till I came to this retirement home in 1961. My father lived only four years, but Mother was with me until 1950. This marked a significant change in my manner of life, some of which was good, some detrimental. Instead of quietly and consistently asserting my privileges as an individual, I found myself retreating to the earlier condition of submission to parental authority and sometimes resenting it. Not that my parents intended to direct my ways, but that I was too sensitive and felt a restriction just because they were there.

Perhaps the most significant effect produced by this situation was that I allowed it to interfere with my private devotions, which I had continued in the early morning through college and teaching days. We had family devotions, but this does not suffice. In this matter my day's program was altered, and I found no convenient time to be alone with God and the Word. Later I realized how I had robbed myself and weakened my foundation of faith.

During the first year of this new life I submitted to gall bladder surgery which kept me from school for over eight weeks. Recovery was slow and incomplete. Almost two years later my physician sent me to a rest home for three weeks, where help was given of a psychological nature. This brought some improvement.

In Pomona I made a place for myself in the high school and a large Baptist church; spent three summers doing graduate work in classical literature at Stanford University; took an extended tour abroad in 1930; and in 1932 drove my mother and sister to Colorado for the summer.

In July of that summer I fell in the shower-room of a swimming pool and broke my left hip. Because of defective bone formation it did not knit. I taught six months that year wearing a heavy brace and going on crutches. Sleep was only intermittent at night because of the muscle spasms that woke me every hour or half hour.

In April surgery left me with an ankylosed —as it's called— joint. Still I was in the schoolroom most of the time till February, 1936. Then came a complete breakdown with complete or intermittent loss of control in my lower limbs. Multiple curvatures of the spine complicated the problem. This condition was to hold me captive for fourteen years in which I was mostly a shut-in with my elderly mother to care for me.

I had greatly enjoyed my teaching, but at times I felt unfulfilled and I did not know exactly why. Always there was in me that urge to become involved in "definite Christian service." But also a restraint that kept me from breaking away from what I was doing. In public schools my Christian witness was limited although for many years I led a class of high school girls in Christian living either at noon or after school once a week. Another thing I did consistently: I placed a quotation on the board every week for the students to think about. I recall some of these:

"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle; face it.

'Tis God's gift!"

"Take the stairway to success; the elevator is not running."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

and:

"He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
He is a fool — and shun him.
He who knows not and knows he knows not,
He is simple, teach him.
He who knows and knows not that he knows,
He is asleep; wake him.
He who knows and knows that he knows,
He is wise; follow him."

I do not wish to go into great detail regarding the nature of my physical problems, but I need to make a brief statement so you may understand something of what had to be overcome.

In the first place, an 'ankylosed' joint means there is no longer a joint there. It is stabilized. Therefore movement is greatly hindered in walking, sitting, and many other bodily activities. There is practically no bend at the hips. It is only because my knees bend that I can reach my feet. When sitting, I cannot bend forward. When lying on my back, I cannot lift my shoulders off the bed. These are some of the inconveniences I soon learned to cope with in order to become independent. They were insignificant compared with the breakdown four years later.

At that time the central nervous system was involved. At the onset I had eight muscular seizures in twelve days which left me rigid and full of pain for three or four hours from the waist down. From then on the loss of muscle power and control became more marked. The message to walk went to the brain on the afferent nerves, but there was no spark over to the afferent nerves, and therefore no movement, or sometimes just a counter-movement. I learned to drop to my knees to keep from falling prone. When I

could not walk, I could not walk. I just had to wait to gather strength to try again. People were impatient. So sometimes I was carried, sometimes left behind. The situation was complicated by fear which caused me to hold my breath and thus reduce further my strength and control. Any emotion had the same effect.

Later on, the seizures returned in a different form often triggered off, I thought, by a negative emotion. They were sudden and sometimes violent. One seizure took me at the base of the brain and dislocated the Atlas. An osteopath was called in to put my head back in position. With lesser violence they hit in the small of the back. Such seizures had to be overcome at the rest home.

So follows an account of the experiences and disciplines that enabled me at length to emerge—not only to walk again freely but also to render a higher form of Christian service.

(The second part of Mildred Long's autobiography will be published in the next issue.)

Little is much, if the heart be turned toward heaven.

—The Talmud

FRANCESCA: A WEAVE OF LIFE

Michaelina Buonocore

Somewhere, immortal soul, you took flight,
Scaling relentless cliffs all mortals wander,
Ultimate harmony — domain of eternity.

Wife, mother, sister and friend —
so young, so brave. . .
Symbol of life's fleeting melody.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL HERITAGE by Reuben L. Musey

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN — SONS OF FEBRUARY

THIRTY-EIGHT men have occupied the office of President of the United States of America—an office created nearly two centuries ago.

George Washington—a son of February—brought to the new office such enormous prestige that he easily set lasting precedents that made it the most powerful elective office in the world.

Washington's sense of destiny had led him to accept the hazardous command of the Continental Army in 1775.

Under his determined guidance his troops held together.

He held his troops together through every hardship and feat of endurance until freedom had been won.

In 1787, when the towering figure saw that the new nation was threatened by discord under the weak Articles of Confederation, he brought together and inspired the delegates who wrote the Constitution.

Leaving the presidency, Washington said in his farewell address these words that indeed are as noteworthy then as now:

"The name of America. . . must always exalt the just pride of patriotism. . . . The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, common sufferings, and successes. . . ."

LINCOLN—the sixteenth President—also a son of February—, given his lack of formal education and scant public service, seemed less likely to succeed as President than most of his predecessors. Yet the six feet - four inch Lincoln—imbued with qualities of innate wisdom and humanity—entered the White House at a time when many of the Southern states already had seceded from the Union.

The four years and six weeks that the Great Emancipator served as President were more critical than any faced by a previous president.

He disliked wrong and oppression. The framework of his

mental and moral being was honesty. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, he had to be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated.

Reflecting back, the words he spoke in his second inaugural address over a century ago are timely for the bicentennial year of the United States as its citizens welcome people from the four corners of the world:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right. . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations. . . ."

Bicentennial reflections—the Presidential heritage of America—Washington and Lincoln, sons of February. . . .

What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say.
—Emerson

LASTING GIFT

Margaret Giles

If I had the gift of faith
That by speaking could move a mountain,
Yet in my heart felt no love for others
I'd be empty as a waterless fountain.

All our special gifts and powers
Someday will come to an end, but never
Will our gift leave this world or the next;
That gift is love, for it will go on forever.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER FELLOWSHIPS

(Silver Anniversary Year Reflections)

Dennis Barry Carroll

THE silver anniversary year for Fellowship in Prayer is past. On the horizon are plans for the "second quarter century."

Reflecting back over the past year—the twenty-fifth year—"Fellowship in Prayer Fellowships" in the tri-state area of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia—bringing to the people the purpose as set forth by the late Carl Allison Evans, founder: "...To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color...."

Through the media of radio, television, and printed word, the guideline of Fellowship in Prayer "radiated" to people everywhere: "For a world united in prayer."

Mr. Evans—a year before the Fellowship was formed, when the nation was recovering from the war in the Pacific and Europe—met with religious leaders, interested businessmen, and members of civic organizations. He told them: "...May truth be more evident because we determine not to cover it up or ignore it. And may our manmade ideas speedily give way to God's ideas of managing the world and the people whom He created...."

Turning once again to the present hour, President Reuben L. Musey—during the quarter-century year—quoted these words when addressing groups on behalf of the Fellowship: "...When the bond between men keeps in touch with Jesus Christ through His written word and by prayer, it becomes doubly powerful. It is fused with God's love. Jesus commands us to have this kind of love for each other. It is a love which breaks down all barriers."

A monthly publication, *The Messenger*, distributed in the tri-state area, carries these words about the Fellowship: "Since its humble beginnings in the mind of one man—Carl Allison Evans—this non-denominational interfaith effort has spread to every state in the union and to thirty-three foreign countries....It in-

deed aspires: 'Prayer is the answer to all men's problems.' "

Thanksgiving Day, recalling the legacy of the Pilgrim Fathers and the religious significance of the American holiday of Thanksgiving that is traced to the Plymouth Colony, the following words express the thoughts of the Fellowship: "...Only the blessed of God really know what Thanksgiving Day means. We must this Thanksgiving Day, 1975, on the eve of the bicentennial of America, preserve this heritage—a legacy of the past—for future generations, for people of every land throughout the world...."

The year 1975—mememorable year for the Fellowship—closed, recalling in retrospect the birthday of the Christ Child when all hearts everywhere reflect the beautiful words of St. Luke: "...For Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour...."

As the second quarter-century begins, a motto and guideline is expressed in these words from *Understanding Prayer*: "...Whatever may be our situation, we have God to direct our way. God does not turn away from the objects of His care. The children of God are not left alone and defenseless. There is no danger that God will neglect the prayers of His people. God loves His children with infinite love...."

Silver anniversary reflections reveal: Fellowship in Prayer Fellowships.

MOMENT OF PRAISE

Alice Mackenzie Swaim

Sunset
lends calm waters
a glow of holiness;
as birds grow silent, hearts expand
in praise.

NOTICES & COMMENT

BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY. The Fellowship's library has been enriched by the following recent contributions: *Sandscript*, poems and short stories as well as illustrations by Contributing Editor Betty Miller Daly; *The Heart Sings*, *Wings of Song*, and *Singing Glory*, three books of poetry by Georgiana Lieder Lahr; *Faith Healing and Religion* by G. M. Mes and *A Processive World View For Pragmatic Christians* (both published by Philosophical Library); and *The Horizontal Line Synopsis of the Gospels* by Reuben Swanson (Western North Carolina Press).

BURNELL BOOK PUBLISHED. Trustee Narcissa G. Chamberlain has just published a volume of selections from *The Chronicle of Reality* by George Edwin Burnell, some of whose writings, together with those of his wife Mary Lamoreaux Burnell, have been printed in this publication. *The Chronicle of Reality* is available in hard cover at $16.95 and in soft cover at $10.95. Also to be ordered is Genevive Burnell's *The Golden Thread of Reality* at $5.95. Make checks payable to Narcissa G. Chamberlain, Box 38, Marblehead, Mass. 01945.

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(Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily represent those of the Fellowship or its Editor.)

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LIFE TODAY

Mary Meadows

The time we live in
is full of fear and hate.
If you don't have a job
then now it's too late.

I can't believe life
when you look twice:
People loafing by,
some bad, some nice.

Sometimes I think
as we are today
If you put God first
and stop and pray.

It's a struggle, this life.
People starving, groceries high.
Thank God for what you have
and kiss money goodbye.

PRECIOUS GIFT

Anona McConaghy

If I found a wildflower
In a hidden place,
I would part the mosses
So all might see its grace.

If I found a diamond
Blazing colored fire,
I would flaunt its beauty
For others to admire.

I have found a treasure,
God's love, eternal care,
And I show it proudly
Asking all to share.